

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. V.]

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[NUMBER 243.]

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

FATAL TERMINATION of an AMOUR.

Such of our readers who love melancholy Anecdotes, may read the following lines:—

SWEET echo? vocal nymph, whose mimic tongue
Return'd the music of my Delia's song;
Oh! still repeat the soft enchanting lay.
That gently steals the ravish'd soul away!
Shall sounds like these in circling air be lost,
And in the stream of vulgar noises lost?
Ye guardian sylphs who listen while she sings,
Bear the sweet accents on your rosy wings;
With studious care the fading notes retain,
Nor let that tuneful breath be spent in vain!
Yet it too soon the transient graces fly,
A charm more lasting shall their loss supply;
While harmony, with each attractive grace,
Plays in the fair proportion of her face;
Where each soft air, engaging and serene,
Beats measure to the well-ton'd mind within:
Alike her singing and her silence move,
Whose voice is music, and whose lips are love.

THIS little *marceau* was originally published so far back as the year forty—many years before most of us were in existence. This fair, the unhappy object of them, was called Miss Lynch, of a genteel family in a western county.

“But why unhappy, Sir?” Listen to the story. Miss Lynch, with all that loveliness, all that sweetness, all that harmony, described in these verses, had numerous opportunities of marriage; but her heart was devoted, and she reserved her hand to bestow with it. The person thus honored by her partiality was then in a learned profession, he is in it still; but high, so very high! that it becomes not me to direct the finger of censure towards him. He was then a young man, and susceptible of the fascination to which the gloomiest characters, the haughtiest, and the most frigid, must at some period or other bow down. Miss Lynch, in yielding this personage her heart, believed herself only returning a pure and ardent passion.

Her father's house was only within a few miles of a city, to which in the course of his profession this gentleman was frequently carried. He used to be invited to sleep there, and received every mark of hospitality from its amiable inhabitants. His addresses to the young lady was open, and their marriage was looked forward to by their friends as an event more desirable than certain. Whether the gentleman, in his conduct towards her, had formed a regular system of seduction, or whether accident and unlooked for opportunity occasioned her ruin, was never known; but ruined she was. Her parents discovered

that she was pregnant, they at first believed a private marriage had taken place; and were somewhat piqued that a union, to which they had looked forward with so much pleasure, should be solemnized without their participating the felicity.

How, or at what period, the miserable lady made her parents acquainted with her misfortune, was never made public; but the agonies, the horrors, which on every side attended the discovery, may be in some measure conceived. The lover was written to; he returned no answer. He was threatened, without avail. The lady herself wrote to supplicate, to plead for her fame, for her life! but all in vain. In this conflict the weeks and months wore away, and she became, a mother! A mother without a husband.

Some motive at length operated on the lover.—Whether it was shame, or repentance, or fear that his practice might be injured by so black a trait of character, we know not, but surely it could not be love. He arrived, however, three days after the birth of his child, and presented himself at the bedside of its mother, “I am come,” he said, “to marry you.” The lady replied with an indignant air, “you are come too late! my family are covered with disgrace, and my parents are sinking beneath their daughter's shame, a shame you cannot wipe out. Had you married me before my dishonour was divulged to the world, a whole life of grateful and submissive love should have repaid you; as it is, I refuse not only to be your wife, but I refuse to live. No sustenance has entered these lips since the excruciating hour of labour, and none shall enter, there. The sorrows your name cannot hide, I am hastening to carry to the grave.”

The lady kept her word, resolutely continuing to refuse food; and the man who was so tardy in his justice, beheld her in a few days laid in her grave.

The Old Bachelor.

I Have just met with something that has put me exceedingly out of temper, and fitted me to write, I believe, elegantly. It has warmed up my passions to such a pitch, that I think I can quarrel as *decently*, as my brother bachelor, Dr. Johnson. O! he is the prince of ill-nature—he is an excellent fellow. I should like to see some of his best quarrelling faces, when he is mauling and tearing your poets, and your players, and your authors of all work to pieces. They tell me that he cuts up a critic like a goose, and quarrels so *deliciously* over the sections

and dissections, that it is a *feast* to hear him.—I have just seen a print of him in one of the English magazines. O! he is a rare hand at a surly face—He frowns so *emphatically*, that every muscle is a sentence. Talk of your lovers, and your languishers, and your fainters. 'tis nothing, Sir, 'tis all learned out of the looking glass; and if they happen to forget which is which, they'll give you the *wrong* look, as soon as the *right* one. But if you have any taste for looks, look at Dr. Johnson, he looks as logically as he writes. I intend to put his print up over my writing desk, that whenever I happen, (which happens very often *now*) to be as ill-natured as I am at present, I may know how to model my countenance: for you must know that my face is so foolishly contrived for a quarrelling one, that it don't answer my purpose; for my man, or my maid, or my boy, comes as briskly up when I am in a surly mood, with “Did you ring, Sir, or did you call, Sir,” as if my face stood for nothing. Now I dare say that Dr. Johnson frowns so gloriously as to be seen through his study door. These sort of faces are useful ones, they not only keep a man from being disturbed more than there is occasion for, but tell others when to keep out of the way of mischief, and save a great deal of writing and talking.

But this is not the story I have to tell you, only I am such an admirer of Dr. Johnson, that he always bewitches me out of my subject—I have met with something that galls me confoundedly; and the misfortune is, I have no body to quarrel with, that is, no body of consequence enough, for there is as much familiarity in quarrelling as in foot-ball, and a man loses as much of his dignity among his servants, by admitting them to a wrangle with him as if he were to *sit down* and *to* *up* with them for a gallon of porter. When I quarrel I love to do it in character. Now I could quarrel with a Judge, with a Governor, or with a God, if he came in my way, I could quarrel with your Apollo's, or your Muses, or your Nymphs of the woods, or your Nymphs of the waters, and so on; but as I can meet with no one great enough for my purpose, I'll sit down and quarrel with myself—

I have two or three times told you that I have met, that is, I have seen something to day that hurts me terribly. I have seen, Sir, a man and his wife the happiest people I ever saw in my life. Well, you'll say with a great deal of amazement, “Why should that disturb you?” Why should that disturb me! Why, because I hate such fights—I had rather see a good battle between them, and the cat and the dog keeping up the quarrel—I'd have them always at it. “That's very

strange, you'll say." Not at all strange, Sir, if you knew all the reason, if you felt it as I feel it. "What reason, you'll say again, can justify such an unreasonable wish?" Oh a very good one, a very powerful one I assure you, "Aye, you'll say, what is it." Why, because I have no wife of my own. The world has got the start of me, and swims so pleasantly along, that as I cannot keep up with it, I hate to see it. Your *my loves* and your *my dears*. Zounds! I can't bear it!—I had rather see it all fire and smoke, and then the laugh would be on my side. Well! perhaps you'll say, "Why don't you get married, Sir?" No, no, it won't do now. Married indeed! A fine affair I should make of it at sixty-five! A fine affair *for'd* make of it too! No, no, friend, it won't do, I tell you. I ought to be *hanged* for not being married *before*; but I ought to be *hung* in chains if I get married *now*.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrifon,

IN consequence of a few farcical observations being made by a young gentleman on Friday last, upon Religion, I beg leave to reply, through this medium, to some of his interrogations, as his motive then was to embarrass and confound. I now answer:—

With respect to my duty to my creator, I derive an argument in favour of Religion, from the feelings of my own bosom, superior to the most elaborate subtilties of human ingenuity. In the hour of distress, my heart as naturally flies for succour to the Deity, as when hungry and thirsty, I seek for food and water; or when weary, repose. In Religion I look for comfort, and in Religion I always find it. Devotion supplies me with a pure and exalted pleasure, it elevates my soul, and teaches me to look down with a proper contempt upon many objects which are eagerly sought, but which end in misery. In this respect, and many others, it effects, in the best and most compendious method, which has been in vain pretended to by proud philosophy.

And in selecting a mode or peculiar system of Religion, I shall consider what that was in which my good father lived and died. I had it to have been the Religion of Christ. I examine it with reverence. I encounter many difficulties; but, at the same time, I feel within me an internal evidence, which uniting its force with the external, forbids me to disbelieve.

When involuntary doubts arise, I immediately silence their importunity, by recollecting the weakness of my judgment, and the vain presumption of hastily deciding on the most important of all subjects against such powerful evidence, and against the major part of the civilized world.

I will learn humility of the humble Jesus, and gratefully accept the beneficial doctrines and glorious offers, which his benign Religion reaches out to all, who sincerely seek him by prayer and penitence.

As human life abounds with evil, I will seek balsam for the wounds of the heart in the sweets of innocence, and in the consolations of Religion. Virtue, I am convinced, is the noblest ornament of youth and humanity, and the source of the sublimest and sweetest pleasure; and piety leads to that peace, which the world, and all that it possesses, cannot bestow.

How can the youthful mind be so insensible, even to the calamities of the present day, as to laugh at the terrors of death, and ridicule Religion as the effects of the spleen, or an ill-regulated imagination? The frequent deaths in this city of late, I should imagine was sufficient to impress the minds of every thinking person with a sense of his dependence upon that being to whose good-

ness he owes his existence and preservation, while others are cut off in the prime and bloom of youth, he is permitted to revel in pleasure and thoughtless gaiety. Although I would not presume to condemn or dictate the pursuits of my young companions, yet may I not request, if in the day of prosperity they are joyful, that in the day of adversity they would consider.

Broad-Way,
Dec. 23.

FEMALE SCRIBBLER.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrifon,

THE simile of the Philosopher's making use of a candle and lantern at noon day, in his search after an honest man, and the parallel deducted therefrom, was not meant to convey a literal meaning. It would be the greatest incongruity to form an idea of the mind, that every woman or the generality are not possessed of elegance, good nature, a lively, easy disposition, benevolence and great sensibility, susceptible of sudden and delicate sensations, is a position that every impartial and unbiassed mind must admit. (these are the essentials that I mentioned as requisite to constitute an amiable woman) Whether the *Female Scribbler* comes under this denomination, I shall not pretend to determine, as I have not the honour of knowing the lady, therefore shall not animadvert with that malignancy and acrimony, nor draw the ill-natured conclusion of the principles and companions of the *Female Scribbler*, which she has of A. B.'s.

Religion, in whatever form, I revere, to contemplate the wise and good author of nature, when all the faculties of the soul harmoniously conspire in their several operations of nature, without jarring and interrupting one another, when the mind is calm and serene, must afford a source of the greatest gratification. That the acquaintance of a woman of virtue, refined understanding, &c. &c. would be avoided. That women of merit conceal the best qualities of their hearts, and assume a degree of levity and lightness of conduct, because they are conversing with men of loose manners, corrupt hearts, and weak heads. That they should become the hypocrite, and thus debase their godlike reason for the mere purpose of pleasing such characters, appears to me the height of absurdity; but the *Female Scribbler* has the property of blending inconsistencies, for she observes, that real merit possesses those attractive tendencies, which interest congenial souls, and bring them into union. Again, are there not men united to amiable and affectionate women, found oftener in the company of gamblers, than in their own houses?—If a coincidence of sentiment, a sympathy of soul, impulsively tend to each other, how came the affectionate and amiable woman united to the dissipated gambler?—My idea was when I mentioned that I was not fond of tobacco, clubs, nor politics; that I was not particularly attached to them; for neither the convivial meeting of a few friends, the discussion of politics, nor even the fermentation nor exhalation of tobacco, have such an extraordinary effect as to deprive me of the power of exertion. From the farcical remarks which the *Female Scribbler* has interlarded, her answer to A. B.'s late publication, must conclude, that that unhappy prepossession, so dangerous to the world, to our interest and happiness, has taken possession of her mind. The brightest rays of truth in vain shine out upon us, when prejudice has shut our eyes against it. We are rendered by it wholly incapable of examining, and take all upon trust that it presents to us.

What an elegant author observes of the passion of jealousy, is very applicable; it is a green

ey'd monster, that ought to be nipped in the bud. Another calls this unhappy impulse, the jaundice of the mind, and I think there cannot be a more just comparison; for as the Poet says,
"As all seems yellow to the jaundic'd eye,"
we may add,

All takes from prejudice's taint, its dye.
Dec. 26.

A. B.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WANDERED

FROM my temple at Cyprus, a little mischievous chubb'd boy: He generally affects to wear a Barcelona handkerchief over his eyes—is of a fresh ruddy complexion—has tolerable carotty hair—a pair of purple pinions at his shoulders—a chaplet of roses round his head—a lighted torch in his hand—carries a quiver at his back, and is ever armed with a hickory bow. No Virginian rifleman can hit the mark better than he, blind-folded as he is. He has been in the habit of transfixing hearts this many and many a day, and I believe it will tick by him as long as he lives. Poor Sappho felt his power, and in an hysterical fit, jumped perpendicularly rather too many fathoms. Cleopatra, unfortunate slut, could not escape him.—Scottish Mary—Matilda of Denmark—Catherine of Russia—and the beautiful Miss ****, and Miss ***** and Miss ***** all submitted in their turns.

He was lately seen lounging near a corner in Water street, which leads to the *****

Whoever will secure the Urchin, and return him to me, shall have a gallon of Nectar—a sprig of Amaranth, and two yards of my own Cella, besides the thanks of the fugitive's Mama—

VENUS.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

RUN away last night, my wife, Bridget Coole. She is a tight neat body, and has lost one leg. She was seen riding behind the priest of the parish, through Farmoy, and as we never was married, I will pay no debts that she does not contract. She lispes with one tooth, and is always talking about fairies, and is of no use but to the owner.

PHILIM COOLE.

A N E C D O T E.

ANNO 1779, one Mr. Constable, of Woolwich, passing through the church yard of that place, at twelve o'clock at night, was surprized to hear a loud noise, like that of several people singing; at first he thought it proceeded from the church; but on going to the church doors, found them shut fast, and all within silent. The noise continuing, he looked round the church yard, and observed a light in one of the large family tombs. Going up to it, he found some drunken sailors, who had got into a vault, and were regaling themselves with bread, cheese, tobacco and strong beer.—They told him they belonged to the Robustie man of war, and that having resolved to spend a jolly night on shore, they had kept it up in a neighboring ale-house, till they were turned out by the landlord, and were obliged to take shelter here to finish their evening. In their jollity they had opened some of the coffins, and crammed the mouth of one of the bodies full of bread, cheese and beer. Mr. Constable, with much difficulty, prevailed on them to return to their ship. In their way thither one of them being much in liquor, fell down and was suffocated in the mud. On which his comrade took him on their shoulders, bringing him back to sleep with the *bonest gemmen* with whom he had spent the evening.—This is a positive fact.

The following well adapted SONG was sung on the late Anniversary Meeting of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the city of New-York.

SEE from each quarter comes
All Arts and Science Sons,
Link'd in the common band;
Forming a glorious whole,
A body without controul,
While Freedom and life's the soul—
Walk hand in hand.

Influenc'd by great Jove,
Drawn by the cords of love,
Forming this ring,
Fix'd by fatality,
On an Equality,
No Principality,
Pope, Duke or King.

Arts, which for ages past,
Has held the Nation fast,
Own us their fire.
By us Trade and Commerce lives,
By us Agriculture thrives;
Our Arts new motion gives
Earth, air and fire;

Few years roll'd around,
Since that unwelcome sound—
AMERICA BOW!
Mechanics, with zeal inspir'd,
Wrought till their foes retir'd,
But now sing with FREEDOM fir'd,
God speed the PLOW.

Mechanics and Freedom's name,
Blended on wings of fame,
Each shade pervade:
Freedom our souls inspire,
And GALLIA's caught the fire,
And soon shall her sons retire,
In Freedom's shade.

Liberty fears no swords,
Of Princes, Dukes or Lords,
Train'd to war's dance,
View the late hasty stride,
War against Freedom's tide,
With all their pomp and pride,
Yielding to France.

Let us our voices raise,
In solemn songs of praise,
For this our day,
In which those wise men of state,
Assembly with the senate,
Bid us be free and great—
Pointing our way.

From Freedom's fertile fields,
See earth her bounty yields,
Our labour's crown'd:
Nature her lap unfolds,
To cheer our mechanic souls,
Whilst health and flowing bowls
Calls us around.

Could Kings, from their tottering state,
View us with hearts elate,
Toasting our band,
Would with their pomp and grace
See us for change of place,
That they may once shew their face
In Freedom's land.

Come charge your glasses round,
Chant to this welcome sound,
Artists be free:
Each member be great and wise,
May this blest fabric rise,
Until its fame reach the skies,
And from sea to sea.

New-York, January 5.

THE Printer presents the COMPLIMENTS of the SEASON to the generous and respectable PATRONS of the WEEKLY MUSEUM; and, with heart-felt gratitude, begs leave to return them thanks for the unbounded encouragement he has received, since he commenced business;—and trusts that his future exertions to please, will insure him a continuance of their PATRONAGE.

The GENERAL SOCIETY of MECHANICS and TRADESMEN of the city of New York, agreeable to public notice for that purpose given, assembled at the house of Mrs AMORY, in Great George street, on Tuesday last, being the first Anniversary Meeting since their incorporation. They proceeded to ballot for officers for the ensuing year, when the following persons were declared to be duly elected:

For President ANTHONY POST,
First Vice President DANIEL HITCHCOCK,
2d Vice President PETER COLE,
Treasurer RICHARD FURMAN,
Secretary JOHN ELSWORTH,
JOHN STAGG,
FRANCES BASSET, } Overseers of the
JOHN BURGER, } Poor.
JOHN STRIKER

The Society then formed a Procession of more than two hundred persons, and proceeded in regular order to Bardin's Tavern, where they partook of an elegant dinner, provided for the occasion; when the following Toasts were drank, and the whole concluded with that regularity and decorum, which has ever been the distinguishing characteristic of that body of citizens.

1. The PRESIDENT of the United States.
 2. The Congress of the United States.
 3. The State of New-York,
 4. The Mayor and Corporation of the city of New-York—May their conduct continue to deserve and obtain the applause of their fellow citizens.
 5. Liberty without licentiousness, and equality without confusion.
 6. The national Society of America and all other charitable Societies.
 7. The National Convention of France.
 8. The Rights of Man—May they be clearly understood, and successfully asserted by all Mankind.
 9. May the late success of the Armies of France be the means of restoring Liberty to all mankind.
 10. The mechanic, Thomas Paine, author of the Rights of Man.
 11. May we never want ability or inclination to assist our brethren in distress.
 12. The incorporated Society of Mechanics and manufacturers of the state of Rhode Island.
 13. Dumourier and the Republican army of France.
 14. May the Polanders soon be restored to their former liberties.
 15. Mechanic's wives and Children.
- Volunteer from the Chair.
HAMMER and HAND.

FRENCH NEWS.

Namur, October 11.—Some people are arrived from the army of Gen. Clairfait, such as commissioners, sutlers, &c. They say that the troops have undergone the greatest distress; that they were 4 days without eating, that at last they killed and eat their horses, and that if a tuce had not been made, they must have surrendered; out of 6000 cavalry, which composed this army, not above 400 will return; the rest are all either killed, taken, or their horses eat up. The remains of Gen. Clairfait's army have already passed the French frontiers.

Vienna, October 6.—The police of Vienna redoubles its utmost attention to watch foreigners as well as the subjects of the Emperor, who may be infected with the spirit of liberty.

According to the observations which have been sometime making, it has been discovered, that those citizens whose attachment to the country was most depended upon, are the declared enemies of monarchical government, and have every way endeavoured to make proselites to this opinion. It is found, that persons of all classes and conditions are in these clubs; it is feared, therefore, that the tempest, which must burst upon them, will be the more dreadful.

Rome, September 29.—In this place the friends of the French are more numerous than you can imagine, and the people want nothing but a leader to crush the Papal authority, and rescue themselves from superstition and oppression.

Four thousand men were last week raised, and ordered to the banks of the Tyber.—They desired to know for what purpose they were embodied, but their requisition was denied. However, having come to the knowledge that they were to embark for the purpose of assisting the Austrians to fight against the liberties of France, these citizen soldiers to a man laid down their arms, and sold their regimentals to the Jews.

We hear from Boston, that the Ship Montgomery from London, put into that Port in a leaky condition, and with the loss of the greater part of her masts.

A Long Island Hog, equal to a Connecticut Wonder. A Fact.

Mr. John Hutchins Smith, near Flushing, Long Island, a few days ago, killed a hog, of his own raising, which, after it was dressed, weighed 631lb.

MARRIED

On Saturday Evening the 22d of December last, at Jamaica, Long-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Fatoute, Mr. THOMAS HICKS to Miss HANNAH CREED, both of that place.

Same Evening, Mr. TOWNSEND UNDERHILL, to Miss ELIZABETH THOMPSON, daughter of Capt. Thompson all of this City.

On Wednesday last, by Rev. Mr. Gersham Seixas, Miss HETTY COHEN, to Mr. SOLOMON MARK, both of this city.

THE Members of the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, are hereby requested to attend their Monthly Meeting, on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst. precisely at 6 o'clock, at No. 62, Chatham Street. SAM. CLARK, Sec'y.

New-York, January 5, 1793.

Court. of Apollo.

THE UNION OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.

A New and Favourite Song.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,
And love at his shrine gay libations to pour,
And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires;
For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires;
Yet to neither, I swear sole allegiance to hold,
My bottle and lass, I by turns must enfold;
For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love;
For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold,
Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold,
The ambrosia of gods, no such relish can boast;
If good Port, fill your glass, and fair Kitty's the toast:

And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
If her SOPHIA's encircled with wreaths from his tree;
For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions, I hate from my soul,
O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;
Bliss, reflected from either, will send to my heart
Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have a-part?

Go try it, ye smiling and gay looking throng,
And your hearts shall in unison beat to my song,
That the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

JEREMIAH HALLETT & Co.

No. 52, Water-Street, two doors West of Burling-Slip.

Have received by the late arrivals, an assortment of **IRONMONGERY**, which they will sell upon reasonable terms for CASH or short credit.

AMONG WHICH ARE

BEST hoop L. blistered Steel, T. Crowley, No. 3, and A. C. faggot do. sheet Iron, tin Plates, Shovels and Spades, Frying Pans, Smiths Anvils, Vices, Beck Irons, Hammers, Sledges, and Bellows Pipes, brass Kettles, copper and brass Warming Pans, iron Pots and Kettles, brass and iron head Shovels and Tongs, iron Tea Kettles, a variety of coat and vest buttons, plated & common Shoe and Knee Buckles, black do. iron and japanned Candlesticks, Shoe and Knee Chaps, door and other Locks, various kinds of Hinges, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Gouges, Plane Irons, Knives and Forks, and other Cutlery, stamped and common rubize chapple Needles, large Pumice Stone, Allum, Coperas, Sad Irons, Files and Rasps, Black Lead Pots, Steelyards, Scale Beams, Carpenters and Shoe Makers Tools, with a variety of other articles of Hard Ware.

Also, Elegant Tea Trays and Waiters; likewise for sale at same place, an assortment of **DRY GOODS**, wholesale and retail.

32 if

ALL persons having any demands against the estate of Gabriel Leggett, Esq. of West-Farm, Westchester County, deceased, are requested to exhibit their claims, and those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to
JAMES LEGGETT,
White-Plains, Dec. 10. Surviving Executor.

The Moralist.

THOUGHTS ON CHARITY.

CHARITY is a duty enjoined us by many precepts in the Christian religion, and while we follow this as our guide, we are incapable of turning a deaf ear to the solicitations of any object deserving our assistance or succour. Does it not seem almost impossible for any human creature to deny a fellow mortal in distress, a small portion of that wealth, which the beneficent hand of an all-powerful God has lavished so plentifully upon him. While the character of a charitable man inspires the most unbounded love and veneration, that of the Miser and usurer impresses us with the deepest detestation. He that is void of this virtue, and can bear the solicitations of want, without assisting the person who claims his bounty, deserves to be branded with the name of an enemy to his God and Country; for wealth was given to supply the wants of all, and not to be monopolized by a few; it is not only the duty of the rich to assist the poor, but it is one of the greatest blessings that they can enjoy. Therefore, let those who are possessed of riches be bountiful and charitable, and they may rest assured, that the God, who knows our inmost thoughts will repay them with abundance.

BENEFICUS.

THE MAIL DILIGENCE.

FOR Philadelphia, will, after the 2d day of December, leave the house of Capt. Verdine Ellworth's, at Pawles Hook, at sunrise every morning, except Saturday and Sunday, and start every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Seats for this stage must be engaged at the office, in Broad way, the day before starting. Fare for a passenger, 4 dollars. 150 wt. of baggage, 4 dollars. Way passengers, 4 cents per mile. 14 wt. of baggage gratis.

JOHN N. CUMMING, & Co.

Excellent Accommodations by Verdine Ellworth.

New-York, November 26, 1792.

LEMONS.

A Few boxes LEMONS, in excellent order just arrived—For sale by
BLOODGOOD and HITCHCOCK,
No 65, Water-street, 1 door East of Beekman-Slip.

Who have likewise

EAST INDIA SUGAR,

Malaga raisins in jars and casks, Turkey figs, French preserves, anchovies, capers, &c. with a general assortment of groceries.

Old American cheese, and salt pease'd hams.

A few boxes ESSENCE OF SPRUCE.

See stores put up at the shortest notice, and in the best manner.

New-York, November 3, 1792.

LIVERT STABLES.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has furnished himself with a convenient stable, No. 5, Bridge-street, next door but one to Mr. Godwin's Tallow Chandelery, nearly opposite the Exchange; for the reception of Horses and Carriages by the day, week, month or year, at the very lowest prices. He has at the above stable, elegant Saddle & carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate as any in this city.

Wm. WELLS.

New-York, July 20, 1792.

American Manufactured

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

Black LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of **IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.**

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.
N. B. Genuine Haarlem Oil.

CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful for those who travel by land or water, and very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by applying a common match. No family ought to be without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-Street and Beekman-Slip, Who has also for sale, a large assortment of **Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.**

Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering goods from this store, may depend upon being served with fidelity and dispatch.

S. L O R D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER.

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.
January 2, 1792. 93 17.

TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beekman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE,

which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,

"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."

In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire—Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/each, and Children 1/each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.) 181f

PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.